Why They Call Me The Most Beautiful Manthe World



The Hermes of Praxiteles, to Whom the People of Athens Compared Paul Swan.

Paul Swan Tells Why He Was So Singularly Honored by the Women of New York

People of Beauty-Loving Athens

DAUL SWAN, a young American dancer, has been referred to as "the most beautiful man in the world." He has also been likened to "a young Greek god." At the earnest request of this newspaper Mr. Swan consented to tell

what, in his opinion, constituted beauty in a man and why he had been honored with such intoxicating titles. It appears that the fair sex has acclaimed his perfection wherever he has appeared. Mr. Swan has been displaying his beauty in interpretative Greek dances In New York, and appears at the Maxine Eliott Theatre on March 22. By Paul Swan.

T is true that I have been called "the most beautiful man in the world." It is a title to be proud of, and I glory in it. I am not unduly conceited, and I accept with due modesty the tribute of my fellow beings to the gracious gifts which nature has showered upon me.

What are the grounds on which I have received this title? In the first place the most intelligent women of New York, those who are fighting for their right to a share in the Government, chose me as the man best fitted to grace their great pageant. In the second place, the people of Athens, where the sense of beauty in-herited from ancient days is still stronger than anywhere else in the world, halled me as a reincarnation of one of their old but ever young grateone of their old but ever young gods.

I first had the good fortune to im-press the public of New York with my physical qulities when the Women's Political Union were planning their remarkable production of that ancient Greek play about equal rights for women, "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes. I was then chosen to lead the chorus of Greek youths. There was great difficulty in finding young men in New York fitted by nature to take these parts. I was honored by being told that I filled my

part to perfection.
Since then I have been travelling in Russia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Sicily and France, where I have been col-lecting material for the new interpretative dances which I am now giving in New York. They are mod-elled on the dances of ancient Greece

In my childhood I realized that I was gifted with the Greek type of beauty, and it has been my aim to cultivate this gift to my utmost. I began my career as a painter and dancer. For a time I called myself 'Iolaus, the Greek dancer," in order to keep my dancing and my portrait painting distinct, but since I have achieved some celebrity it has become impossible to keep up the dis-

In pursuance of my ideals I went to Greece as a boy. In Athens I was remarked by artists, archaeologists, writers and many of the beauty-loving people of that city as a reincarnation of the ancient Greek type. Somewhat to my embarrassment, I was followed through the streets of Athens not only by women, but by sculptors and painters who reqested me to pose as the reincarnated Apollo.

One of the most celebrated writers of modern Athens, Mr. Caligorupolis, was kind enough to write of me:

Tactful.

Kind words may be more than the story of Mary and her lit-coronets, and simple faith may beat tle lamb. In this instance, grown-up skepticism is unwarranted. a little lamb whose fleece was as

coronets, and simple faith may beat Morman blood to a frazzle; but, after all, tact is the possession most dear and most useful to the human race.

Ifr. Daniels thought so, too When he left the house he had left Mrs. Daniels with a lady friend, whose abilities w a scandal-monger and mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his need into the drawingroom.

"That old cat gone. I suppose?" he

"That old cat gone. I suppose?" he said with a sigh of relief. For just an instant there was a make the children laugh and play to Greadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony giare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then Mrs Daniels spoke quite

calmiy.
"The old cat?" she said. "Oh, yes,
dear. I sent it to the Cats' Home in
a basket first thing this morning!" lamb, but she also had a half-cousin,

The Victim.

"fex," said the solemn-faced man, "It would ruin me financially if the whiskey business should we wiped

out."
"Are you in the liquor business, since the incident occurred. The "No, no. I'm a temperance orator." heroine was Mary E. Sawyer, of Sterling, Mass. The little school-house was located at the same place.

Different.

"Colonel Bluey told me that he lost Miss Polly Kimball was the teacher. his arm during the war. I didn't Richard Kimball was the teacher. know he was ever in the army." "He wasn't. During the war he ferred to, was half-cousin of Mary,

and the

As Narcissus, the Beautiful Youth Who Fell in Love With His Own Image

"As if he were proud of the rare gift of beauty he himself has re

ceived at Nature's hand, he does not hesitate to paint himself in his pic-tures. It is thought by some that he looks like Byron, and perhaps this is true, but how much more striking is his resemblance to the Hermes Praxiteles, the Ephebos, and the Catheron." Another Athenian critic wrote:

"Our distinguished sculptor, Thomopoulos, when he first saw Paul Swan sue the same perfection and to give enter his atelier thought that the vision of Apollo had been brought to life in his ideal beauty."

I went to London, and there an appreciative writer said that it was gathering? "one of the gods' little ironies that this modern Hermes, with the eyes of Leonardo's 'Golden Boy,' should have been born on a little farm in Nebraska."

It is contrary to convention for a man to praise his own appearance. But is convention always right? A business man has no hesitation in boasting of his successes in business. have succeeded in something far higher-in being beautiful. I have cultivated the gifts which Nature and my good parents bestowed upon me.
I think it right to be proud of what I

who accepts at its face value

the story of Mary and her lit-

There was a Mary who did have

white as snow and who did follow

Mary around wherever she did go.

What is more to the point, it did

follow her to school one day, which

was against the rule, which did

And the teacher did turn it out and

Not only did Mary have a little

it did still linger near and waited pa-

tiently about until Mary did appear.

and although the little lamb is long

since dead, the half-cousin is still very

much alive. Having been an eye-wit-

ness of the incident, this half-cousin

is prepared to verify it in every es-

It is just one hundred years ago

see the lamb at school.

them the benefit of my expeirence. Why should not a man be beauti-ul? Why should the mere sug-Let us think a little

seriously of these questions. Is it not mere modern vulgarity to object to the word "beautiful" as applied to a man? People commonly speak of men they admire as "handsome." If we inquire we find that they describe certain policemen, athletes, and various men who are nothing but fine, large specimens of animality as "handsome." On the other hand, persons of real artistic taste never speak of an ancient Hermes or Apollo as "handsome." They call them beautiful. Therefore, it is a nobfer thing to be peautiful than handsome, and one should not be

Mary HAD a Little Lamb--The

Mary consented.

school.

were all much amused.

the short legs, insecurely planted on little feet, of a woman, beautiful though she may be.

In this view I am supported by the great majority of painters and sculpters. The great appeal which a beautiful woman makes to us arises large-ly from emotional and sentimental causes, but for pure beauty of form

achieve greater perfection of beauty than a woman. The large

head, with high, straight brow, the broad shoulders, the slender hips,

the straight, strong legs of a beauti-

ful man compare with the small head, the narrow shoulders, the large hips,

the man is superior. My readers will doubtless wish to hear what constitutes beauty in a man. The first requisite is sym-This includes proper opment, and harmony of features. and above all, a certain harmony between body and mind. To have a beautiful body one must have a beau-

We grow to resemble the thing we admire, as Hawthorne has so finely told us in his story, "The Great Stone Face." If we fix our minds on the great classic ideals of beauty we shall grow to resemble them. Greek type of beauty has set the standard for all ages, and everyone is more or less beautiful as he approaches this standard

I believe the most perfect type of manly beauty to be the Hermes of Praxiteles, whom some of my friends have been kind enough compare with me. The beauty of the figure in this statue is incomparable Another immortal type of classic beauty is the Antinous, whose statue. partly mutilated, stands in the Capitoline Museum at Rome.

Emperor, Hadrian, is said to have drowned himself in the Nile because he realized his beauty must pass with

The ideally beautiful man is tall and straight, his height depending on the race from which he springs. The

5 feet 8 inches. His total height is eight times the height of his head. His neck is straight and not too thick. His forehead is broad and nearly upright, and only moderately high. His head

His shoulders are several inches wider than the measurement across his hips. The palms of his hands reach to the middle of his thighs when he stands upright.

When he stands with his feet to-gether, the knees, calves and ankle

Mass., a suburb of Boston. She af-

terward became matron of this in-

stitution, which position she held for

thirty-five years. Mary outlived her husband many years, and has for

her residence the house which he had

ton wished to raise money for the historic old South Church, which be-

came financially involved and was

in danger of being sold for debt, a public sale having been authorized.

to relieve its embarrassment, Mary took the stockings which her mother

had knitted from the lamb's wool

(and which she had never worn, but kept in memory of her devoted

companion), unravelled the yarn,

cut it into pieces of a yard and a half in length, wound it upon cards

on which she had written her autograph, and sold the cards for twenty-five cents each. The stockings,

thus converted into yarn, brought over two hundred dollars for the

two pairs, showing the widespread interest the people had in those

gave this money to the fund which

days in Mary and her lamb.

saved the old South Church,

When the patriotic women of Bos-

formerly owned.

Displaying the Exquisite Grace and Suppleness of His Form. As a Dancing Greek Faur. Paul Swan as a Young Greek God. Antinous, the favorite of the great ideal height of an American descendis well covered with hair. ed from Northern European races, is

bones of his two legs touch one an-

A good development of the muscles

of the back, chest and abdomen are particularly necessary for grace of form and movement. This can only be obtained by exercise and right

When all the measurements have been laid down it must be said that beauty cannot exist unless the figure is inspired with grace and the poetry of motion. The face, too, must be intelligent and illuminated with the yearning for the beautiful.

I have said that the man can be more beautiful than the woman, but he rarely is so. He should lead a more primitive life. He should eat simple, wholesome food and not snatch two crullers and a cup of bad coffee for his lunch.

Dancing is the most precious of all forms of exercise in producing grace of body. Grace is sureness of of body. Grace is sureness motion, and this we acquire by dancting every movement of the body to time, produces a harmonious muscular development.

In conclusion let me urge all boys and young men to keep the Greek ideal of beauty before them. Try to be beautiful in your bodies, and in most precious thing in the world, to be the monopoly of one sex. If we all loved true beauty the sin and ugliness that disfigure humanity would be impossible. The true lover of beauty would never make his fellow men do work that disfigures their bodies

A Dreary Outlook.

A good lecturer, like a good singer, knows at once whether or not he is "in tune" with his audience. And the professor was a very fine lecturer in-

lead Instinctively he felt that his address on "The Dignity of Labor" had not gripped the class in the way it should have done. His suspicions were confirmed when, on lcoking round the gathering of students, he beheld Percy Fitzwhistle in a semi-sonnolent state at the back of the lecture room The professor coughed. "Mr Fitzwhistle." he said, "will you kindly give me a definition of work?"

work?" The blueblooded one stretched his legs and yawned.
"Work?" he murmured. "Everything is work!"
"Nonsense, Mr. Fitzwhistle!" said the professor angrily "You should choose your words with more carel According to that definition, the very chair upon which I am seated is work!"
"So it is, sir!" drawled the crists.

"So it is, sir!" drawled the aristo-erat, settling himself once more.

At the Kirk.

It was the Scottish minister's sec-

It was the Scottish minister's second Sunday in his newly appointed
parish, and he had reason to complain at the meagre collection

"Mon," replied one of the elders,
"they are stingy, vera stingy But"—
and he came closer and became more
confidential—"the auld meenister he
put three or four saxpences into the
plate hissel', just to give them a start.
Of course he took the saxpences awa'
with him afterwards."

The new minister tried the same

The new minister tried the same plan but the following Sunday was a repetition of the others—a dismal failure. The entire collection was not only small, but, to his great consternation, his own coins were missing.

the auld meenister," exclaimed the elder "but if ye had half the knowledge of the world an o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the saxpences to the plate!"

A Poor Adviser. skindint-1 have no money, but I

will give you a little advice. Bengar-Well, if yer hain't got no money yer advice can't be very valu-

True Story of Its Escapade and Useful End ON'T smile at the youngster Sawyer, and was at the school the to see a lamb at school. Even the Mary lived on her father's farm day the lamb followed her there. He teacher could not refrain from laughuntil she was married to Mr. Cois one hundred and three years old. ing, but she soon composed herself, lumbus Tyler in 1835. Mr. Tyler was According to Mr. Powers, the lamb and, realizing that she must dispose superintendent of the McLean Hosin question was one of twins born in of the lamb in order to maintain dispital for the Insane at Somerville,



Little Mary Sawyer and the Identical Little Lamb That Followed Her to School. (From a Picture in the Sawyer Family.)

Then there was commotion among the children. They laughed and twittered and twisted and turned in their seats. It was a strange sight

lingered near the door, however, and bleated for its little mistress. The teacher then allowed Mary to go out into the yard and place the lamb in the woodshed. A young man whose name was John Roulstone, Jr., a friend of the teacher and a member of the freshman class at Harvard University. was visiting the school when the incident occurred. In order to commemorate an amusing event, he

cipline among her pupils, she turned

the little creature out of doors. It

wrote and brought to Mary three days later the familiar verses of "Mary had a little lamb," etc. The fate of the little lamb was a sad one. Mary's father had a large number of cattle in his barn, and on Thanksgiving morning, 1816, Mary and her little pet were playing to gether at the barn, and the lamb, placing itself in front of the feed box, which belonged to the cattle, was suddenly gored by a cow. The lamb ran instantly to Mary, placed

its head in her lap, and in less than an hour it died, with her arms

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